

T-MAN

ICD
9
SEPTEMBER
No. 7
10c



WORLD WIDE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

"HERE I WAS FACE TO FACE
WITH THE BLOODIEST KILLERS
OF THEM ALL...*THE MAFIA!*"

DON'T MISS-

MR. MURDER
AND THE
BLACK HAND





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Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



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\$1.00

**Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season**

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HOW MUCH CAN YOU HATE A GUY? IF YOUR NAME, LIKE MINE, IS PETE TRASK... AND YOU'RE TRACKING DOWN THE RUTHLESS KILLER OF A FELLOW T-MAN, YOU CAN HATE HIM PLENTY! NOT EVEN THE BLOOD-BATH BOYS OF THE DREAD MAFIA SOCIETY CAN SCARE YOU OFF! NOT WHEN YOU'VE PROMISED YOURSELF TEN MINUTES ALONE WITH
MR. MURDER of the BLACK HAND!

My CHIEF IN WASHINGTON IS A BIG BUNDLE OF SURPRISES! BUT HE PULLED A LULU OF A SWITCH THE DAY HE ASKED ME TO MEET HIM AT TRACY'S GYM!



IT'S THAT BLASTED DESK JOB OF MINE THAT'S GIVING ME THIS MIDDLE-AGE SAG! I ENVY YOU, PETE! ACTION KEEPS A MAN YOUNG!

A BUILD-UP TO A ROUGH ASSIGNMENT IF I EVER HEARD ONE!

T-MAN

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WAS GOING TO TALK TO YOU! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE TOLD THAT THE MAFIA GANG HAS BEEN SMUGGLING A RASH OF UNDESIRABLE CHARACTERS INTO THE STATES FROM SOUTHERN ITALY! AND YOU WANT ME TO STOP THE RASH, EH?



NO, PETE! I WANT YOU TO HELP BRING ONE OF THEM INTO THE COUNTRY! NOW, THAT'S A TWISTER! I'M SUPPOSED TO ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET FOR A BLACK HAND HOOD?



I THINK YOU'D ENJOY A CHANCE TO MUSS HIM UP A LITTLE, PETE! I'M TALKING ABOUT NICK RACELLI!

RACELLI?



The NAME STRUCK AT ME LIKE A DAGGER! I COULDN'T HELP REMEMBERING A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK T-OFFICE, JUST TWO YEARS BEFORE THAT!

JIM! YOU'RE HURT! WHAT...? SAID THEY'D GET...ME, PETE! CAR...THREW LEAD AT ME... FRONT OF THE BUILDING!



RACELLI...GOT OUT OF THE PEN YESTERDAY! SAID HE'D...GET ME FOR PINNING HIM DOWN ON... THAT INCOME TAX EVASION!

THE DIRTY RAT! I'LL HAVE A DOCTOR HERE IN A SECOND, JIM!



NEVER MIND...DOCTOR! TELL MARGE AND... THE KIDS I LOVE THEM AND... OHHH!

JIM!



I DIDN'T GET MY HANDS ON THE SNAKE WHO ENGINEERED JIM LANDER'S MURDER! MY CHASE ENDED IN A BLIND ALLEY ON ELLIS ISLAND!

SORRY, PETE! RACELLI'S BEEN DEPORTED TO ITALY! HE SERVED THAT THREE YEAR SENTENCE ON THE INCOME TAX RAP AND THE BOYS PUT HIM ON A BOAT AN HOUR AFTER HE STEPPED OUT OF THE PEN!



BUT IN THAT HOUR HE ARRANGED TO KILL A T-MAN! A SWELL GUY WITH A WIFE AND THREE KIDS!

YOU'LL GET YOUR CRACK AT HIM, PETE! SOMETHING TELLS ME RACELLI WILL BE BACK!



TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME, BUT IT WASN'T LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE MY BLOOD STOP BOILING OVER JIM'S MURDER! AND NOW, WHEN THE CHIEF MENTIONED RACELLI, I KNEW WHAT THE IMMIGRATION OFFICER MEANT WHEN HE SAID THE SKUNK WOULD BE BACK!

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT NEVER FOUND THE HAUL RACELLI HID SOMEWHERE BEFORE HE WAS DEPORTED, PETE!

I HEARD HE PUT AWAY MILLIONS!



HE'S BEEN LAYING LOW, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO SNEAK INTO THE COUNTRY AND GET THAT DOUGH! YOUR JOB IS TO HELP HIM GET IN, PETE! HELP HIM --- AND LET HIM LEAD YOU TO IT!

THAT'LL BE A PLEASURE, CHIEF!



THE ONLY FAVOR I ASK IS THAT WHEN YOU RECOVER RACELLI'S LOOT... LET ME HAVE HIM ALONE FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES!

HERE! THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE DOLL HE HAD ON THE LINE WHEN JIM LANDER NAILED HIM! MAYBE SHE CAN HELP YOU SMOKE RACELLI OUT!



RACELLI'S EX-GIRL FRIEND WAS A TOMATO NAMED SHERRY DAWN! I FOUND HER WHERE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND A DAME WITH A NAME LIKE THAT!

YOU MAKE NOISES LIKE A COPPER, MR. TRASK! I'M MAKING A LEGIT LIVING WITH MY BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ROUTINE! YOU AND I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT!

MAYBE WE HAVE, HONEY!



MAYBE WE'VE GOT A MUTUAL INTEREST IN A GUY NAMED RACELLI!

NICK! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?



I BRIEFED SHERRY ON MY INTEREST IN HER EX-LOVER BOY, AND TO MY SURPRISE SHE OPENED UP AND TALKED!



SHERRY HADN'T OVER-RATED HER APPEAL FOR NICK! THE NIGHT OF HER SECOND PERFORMANCE...





OOOPS!
AWFULLY
SORRY!

STUPIDO! USATE
LA REVOLTELLA!



YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO
LEARN MANNERS,
GENTLEMEN!

ARGH!

For
BLACK
HAND
HOODS,
THEY
SOFTENED
UP LIKE
A COUPLE
OF CREAM
PUFFS! I
COULD
SEE THAT
RACELLI
WAS
SCARED...
AND
IMPRESSED!



NOT BAD! A GUY LIKE
YOU SHOULDN'T
WASTE HIS TIME
MAKIN' TEN PERCENT
OF A HOOVER'S
SALARY!

OH, I
HAVE
BIGGER
PLANS
FOR
MYSELF,
NICK!



WHO
TOLD
YOU
I'M...

I KNOW MORE THAN YOUR NAME, NICK!
SHERRY TELLS ME YOU COULD USE
SOME HELP... THE KIND OF HELP I
CAN GIVE YOU, IF YOU'RE WILLING
TO PAY THE PRICE!



NICK! AW, GEE,
IT'S GREAT TO
SEE YOU!



HIYA, BABY! STILL THE SAME
LOOKER YOU ALWAYS WAS,
UH?

I
TENSED AS
SHERRY BROKE
INTO OUR
LITTLE
CONFAB!
WHAT IF SHE
HAD USED
ME JUST TO
GET FREE
TRANSPORTATION
TO JOIN
NICK?
BUT I
RELAXED
AGAIN A
SECOND
LATER!



I ADDED BRAINS TO THE
BEAUTY SINCE I SAW YOU
LAST, NICKIE! I'VE FIGURED
OUT A WAY FOR YOU TO GET
AT YOUR DOUGH!

SHUT UP,
YOU CRAZY
DAME!



OH, BEN'S OKAY! ER... I
GUESS YOU'VE MET BEN
FLAVIN, MY MANAGER?
HE'S AN OPERATOR,
NICKIE! HE'S GOT
CONNECTIONS!

YEAH?
WHAT KIND
OF CON-
NECTIONS?



THE KIND THAT
GET YOU INTO
THE STATES
WITHOUT INTER-
FERENCE, NICK!
THE KIND OF
CONNECTIONS
YOU'D EXPECT
FOR A FIFTY-
FIFTY SPLIT!

FIFTY-
FIFTY?
WHY, YOU
CHISEL-
LING...!
GO
PEDDLE
THAT
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!



SUIT YOURSELF, NICK! I'VE GOT THE BOAT ARRANGED FOR AND ALL THE PROTECTION YOU NEED! THINK IT OVER!

C'MON IN HERE, NICK! YOU AND I GOT LOTS TO TALK ABOUT!



SHERRY MUST HAVE DONE SOME CONVINCING TALKING! LATE THAT NIGHT!

FIFTY PERCENT IS LIKE TAKIN' IT OUT IN BLOOD, FLAVIN! HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU?

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY ENOUGH TO CROSS THE MAFIA?



LOOK, I WANT THE DOUGH AND YOU WANT THE DOUGH! YOU CAN'T TOUCH IT WITHOUT ME, I CAN'T TOUCH IT WITHOUT YOU! FIGURES, DOESN'T IT?

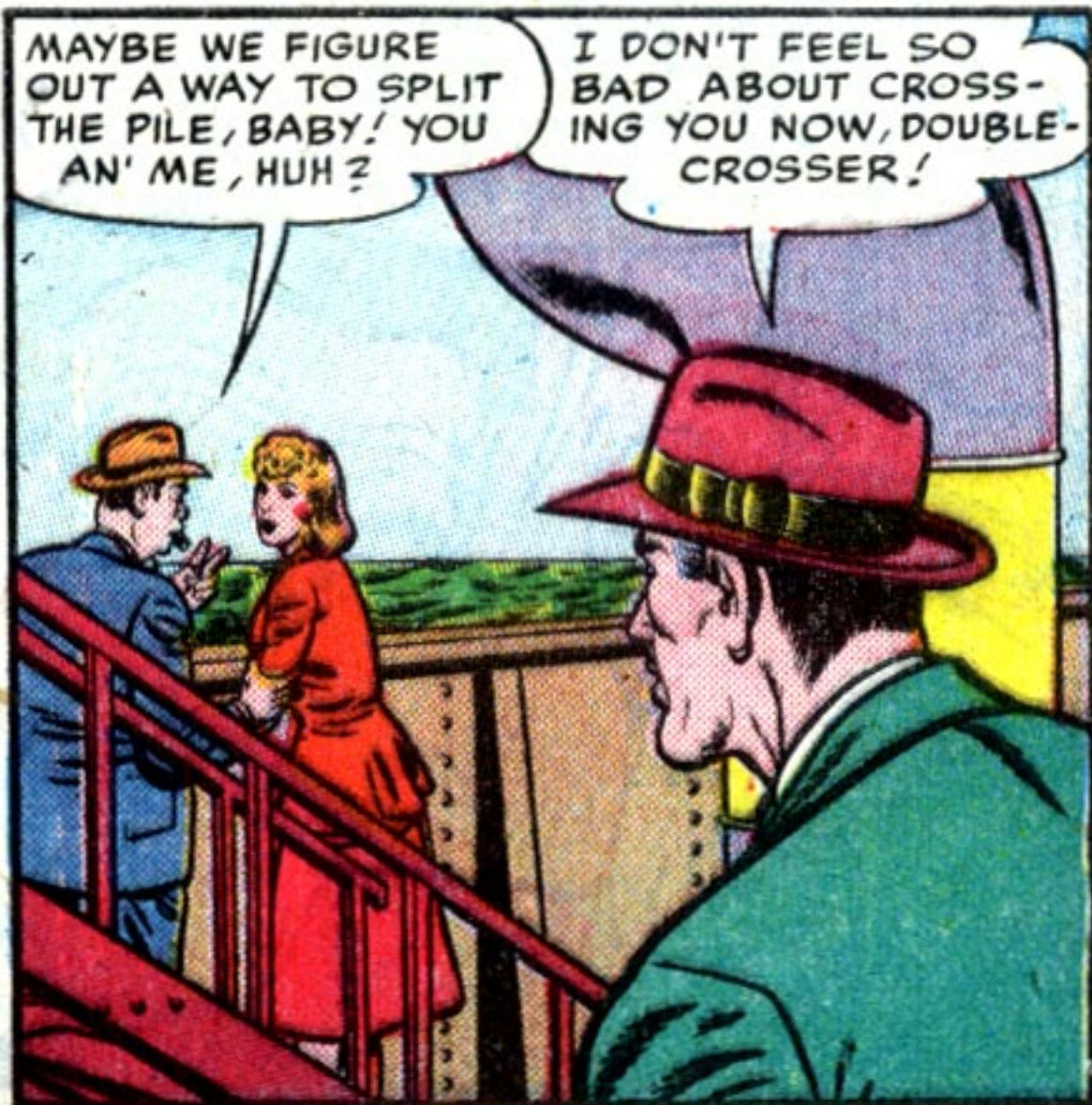
SO I TAKE A CHANCE! JUST DON'T FORGET... THE BLACK HAND'S GOT LONG FINGERS!

EVIDENTLY NICK DIDN'T TRUST THOSE LONG FINGERS! HE WAS MAKING SURE NOBODY ELSE LAID A HAND ON HIS CACHE! A WEEK LATER, ABOARD THE FREIGHTER STELLA DI ORO...



I TOLD YOU BEN WAS A SHARP OPERATOR! WE'LL LAND IN GALVESTON AND YOU'RE FREE TO TRAVEL!

FOR WHAT IT'S COSTIN' ME, I SHOULD GET GREETED BY THE MAYOR!



MAYBE WE FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SPLIT THE PILE, BABY! YOU AN' ME, HUH?

I DON'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT CROSSING YOU NOW, DOUBLE-CROSSER!

My TRAP WAS WORKING LIKE A DREAM! AND LIKE ALL DREAMS, IT HAD AN ABRUPT ENDING! A FEW HOURS OUT OF GALVESTON!



YESSIR, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PLACE YOU EVER SINCE YOU STEPPED UP THE GANGPLANK! I KNOW WHERE I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!

I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE!



YOU'RE PETE TRASK! YOU'RE THE T-MAN WHO WAS ON THAT GLOSSER CASE! I WAS WORKING ON THE ALISA OUT OF CHERBOURG AND...

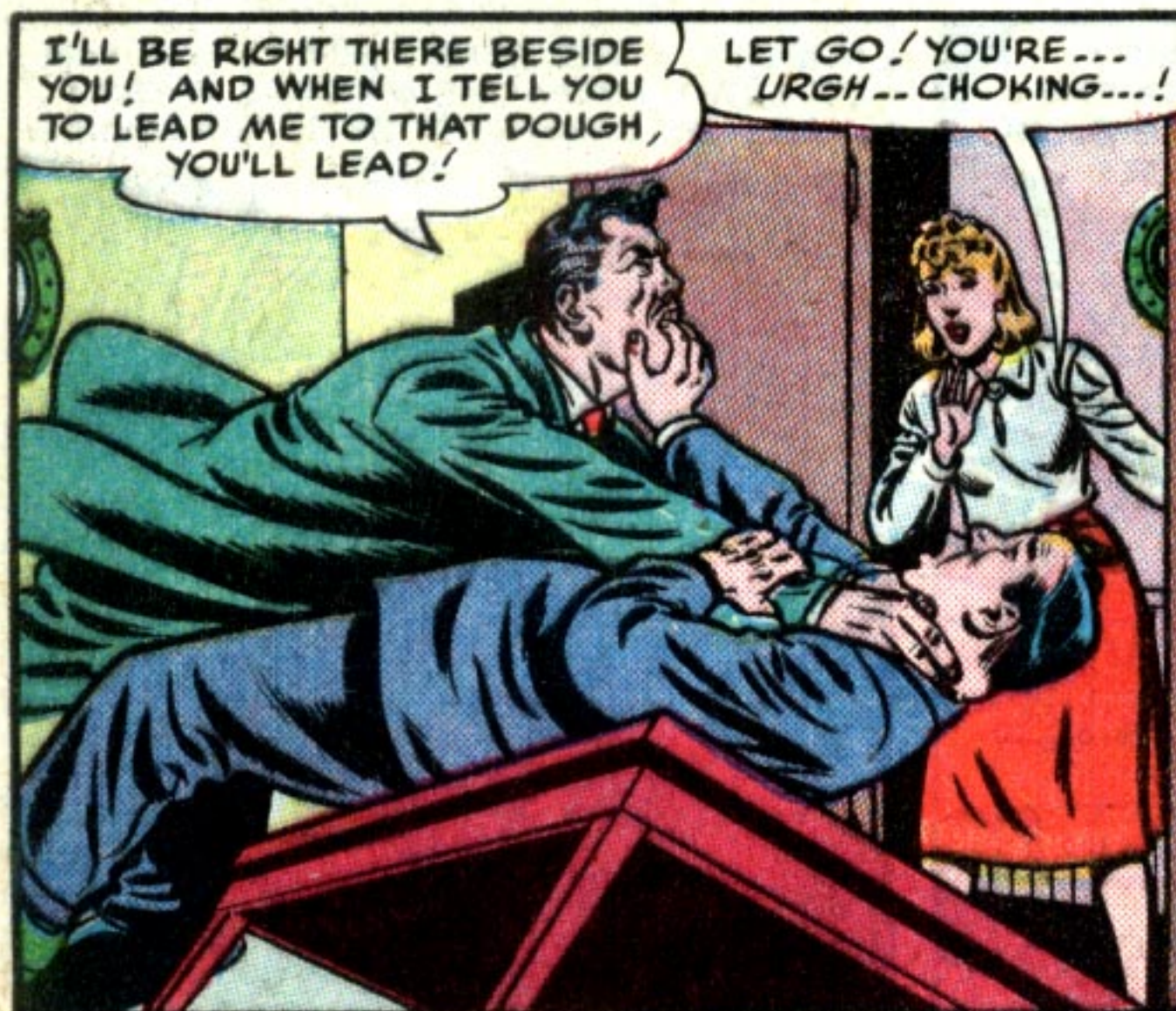
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY, BUD! MY NAME'S FLAVIN! BEN FLAVIN!



SORRY! I'D HAVE SWORN YOU'RE PETE TRASK! GUESS YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE DOUBLES WE SOMETIMES READ ABOUT, EH, MR. FLAVIN?



I CURSED MY LUCK, HOPING NICK HAD ACCEPTED THE COVER-UP! BUT AS I STEPPED INTO MY CABIN A FEW MINUTES LATER...



I WOKE UP GROGGY, CONSCIOUS OF ONE FRIGHTENING FACT!

ENGINE'S STOPPED! WE MUST BE IN GALVESTON!



SUFFERIN' CATFISH! THE BOYS WILL FIGURE I'VE GOT RACELLI SPOTTED AND LET HIM GO THROUGH! IF HE GETS OFF THE BOAT, I'VE LOST HIM!



Aside FROM A SKELETON CREW, THE FREIGHTER WAS DESERTED! NICK RACELLI AND SHERRY HAD DIS-APPEARED!

THIS IS GOING TO COST ME A JOB... NOT TO MENTION THAT TEN MINUTES ALONE WITH RACELLI!



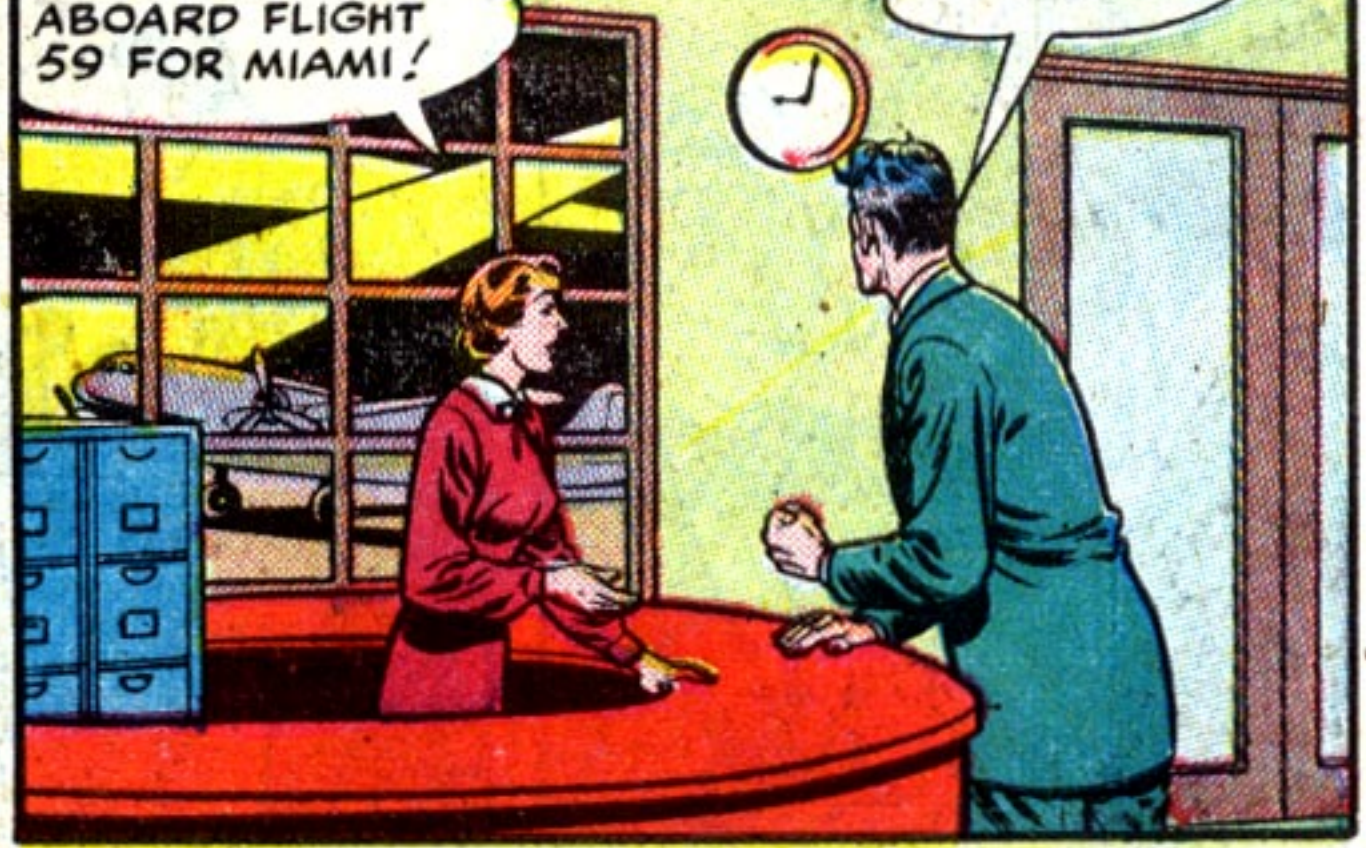
RACELLI'S PLACE IN MIAMI WAS BEING SOLD FOR BACK TAXES! HE WOULDN'T GO THERE... OR WOULD HE?



ALL I HAD WAS A HUNCH, BUT IT WAS BETTER THAN NOTHING! AT THE GALVESTON AIRPORT A HALF-HOUR LATER!

A STOCKY, BLACK-HAIRED MAN! YES... BUT HE WAS ALONE! HE WAS ABOARD FLIGHT 59 FOR MIAMI!

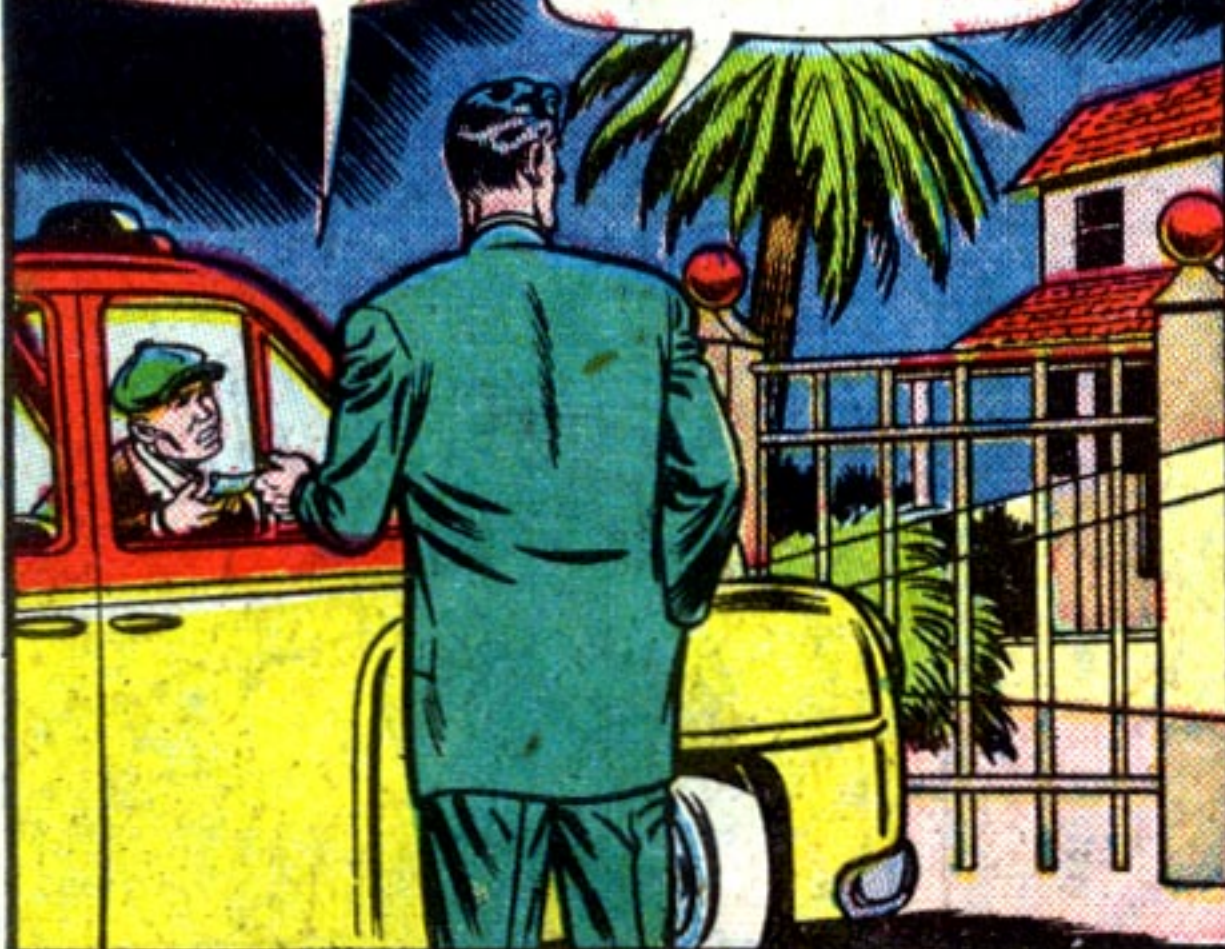
AND THE NEXT PLANE DOESN'T LEAVE UNTIL MIDNIGHT! OH, BROTHER!



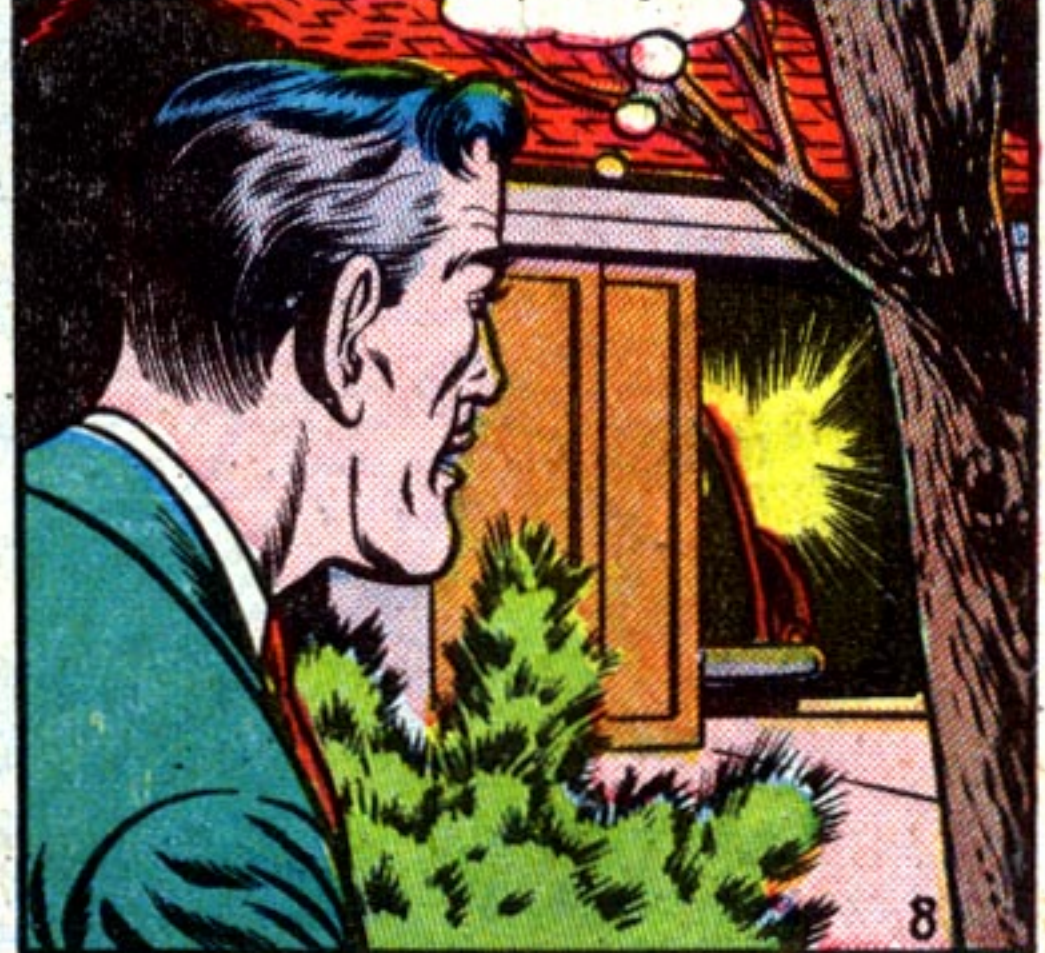
DESPERATE, I CHARTERED A PRIVATE PLANE! AT TWO A.M., A PUZZLED CABBIE LEFT ME OFF IN FRONT OF RACELLI'S DESERTED MANSION!

BUT I TELL YA, NOBODY LIVES THERE, MISTER!

I LIKE TO BE ALONE! THERE'S AN EXTRA FIVE FOR YOU IF YOU'RE BACK HERE IN AN HOUR!



NOBODY LIVES HERE! BUT THAT FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE GARAGE WASN'T MADE BY LIGHTNING BUGS! RACELLI'S HERE!



CAUTIOUSLY, QUIETLY I WATCHED RACELLI PULL UP A GREASE TRAY IN THE FLOOR OF THE GARAGE AND LOWER HIMSELF DOWN THE OPENING!



GO ON, WEASEL! CRAWL INTO YOUR BURROW! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY PLACE TO RUN WHEN I GET YOU!



SO THAT'S IT! A SECRET ROOM UNDER THE GARAGE!



SURPRISE!

YOU...!



I SHOULD HAVE PLUGGED YOU ON THE SHIP! NOW I'LL...UH!

YOU'LL WHAT, RACELLI?



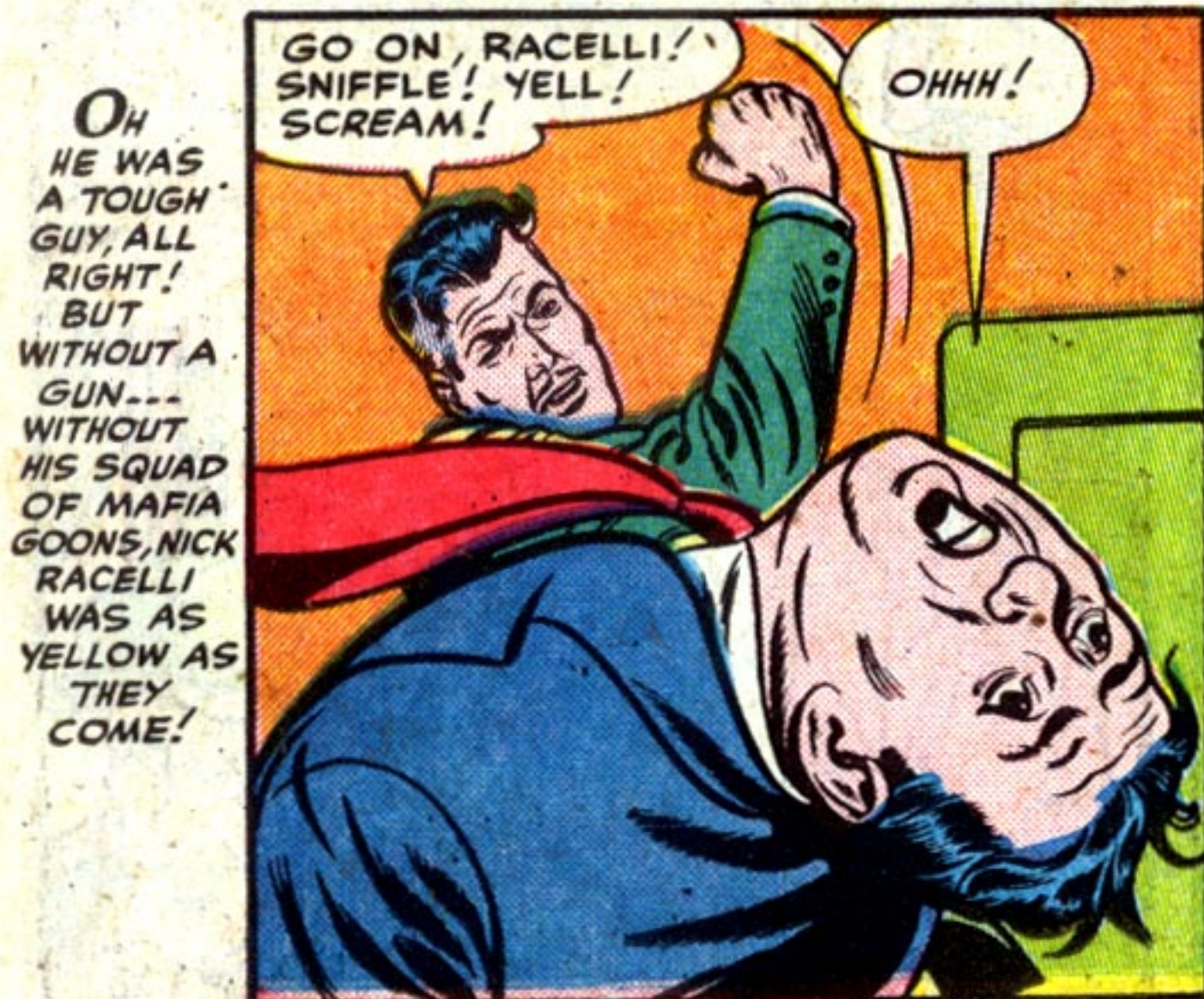
WE AREN'T FIGHTING WITH GUNS, RAT!

OWOOO!



I'VE WAITED TWO YEARS FOR THIS, AND I WANT IT TO LAST!

NO! NO, DON'T DO IT, TRASK! YOU CAN HAVE THE DOUGH! I'LL GIVE YOU... OWW!



OH HE WAS A TOUGH GUY, ALL RIGHT! BUT WITHOUT A GUN... WITHOUT HIS SQUAD OF MAFIA GOONS, NICK RACELLI WAS AS YELLOW AS THEY COME!

GO ON, RACELLI! SNIFFLE! YELL! SCREAM!

OHHH!



CRY, THE WAY JIM LANDER'S KIDS CRIED AT HIS FUNERAL!

I DIDN'T KILL LANDER! I PAID ROCCO NECCHI... HE... UGH!

I WAS GIVING VENT TO A TWO-YEAR ACCUMULATION OF VENOM, WHEN I HEARD THE SQUEAKING OF BRAKES OUTSIDE! I DRAGGED NICK UP INTO THE GARAGE TO BE READY FOR CALLERS!



THIS'LL HOLD YOU WHILE I ENTERTAIN THE COMPANY!

THE BLACK HAND! DON'T LEAVE ME... UGH!



HE'S HERE, ROCCO! BUT SOMEBODY'S AWREADY BUST HIS KISSER!

I'LL BUST IT SOME MORE! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SKUNK! PULLED OUT WITHOUT PAYIN' OFF ON THAT LANDER JOB, EH?



THE MAFIA IN ITALY TIPPED US OFF YOU WAS COMIN' BACK, NICK! WE'RE CUTTIN' OURSELVES IN!

MONEY! I'LL GIVE YOU... UGH!



THANKS FOR IDENTIFYING YOURSELF, ROCCO!

WHO... OWOOO!



LOOK! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, TOO, BRIGHT EYES!

UGH!



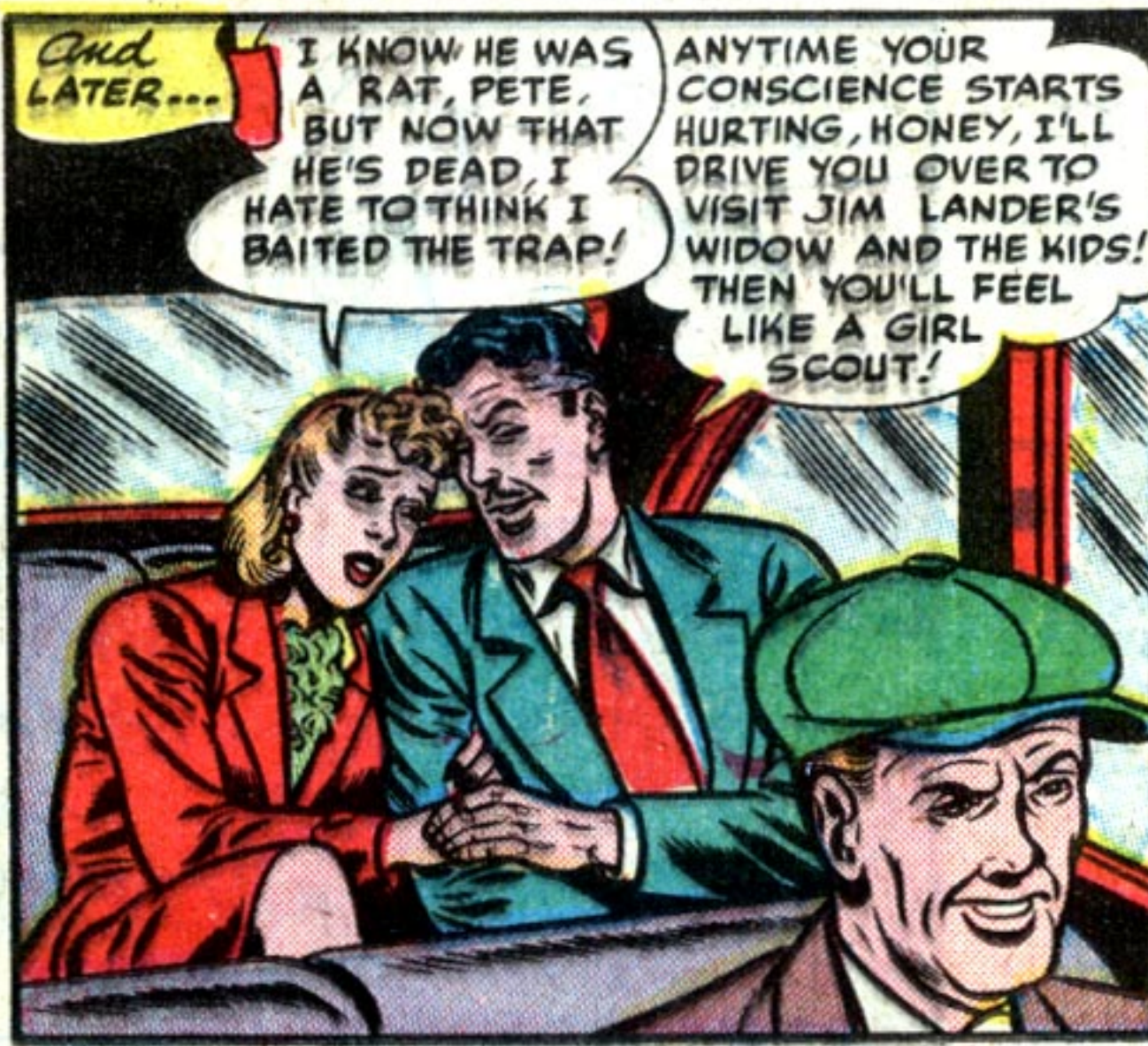
SHERRY! YOU BROUGHT THE LOCAL T-SQUAD? YOU?

I WAS AFRAID WE'D BE TOO LATE!



I HAD TO HELP NICK, BACK ON THE BOAT, PETE! HE KNEW WHO YOU WERE! I FIGURED OUR ONLY CHANCE WAS FOR ME TO MAKE HIM THINK I WAS ON HIS SIDE!

AND WHEN HE DITCHED YOU IN GALVESTON, YOU REMEMBERED THIS PLACE, TOO! SHERRY, YOU'RE A WONDER!



And LATER...

I KNOW HE WAS A RAT, PETE, BUT NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, I HATE TO THINK I BAITED THE TRAP!

ANYTIME YOUR CONSCIENCE STARTS HURTING, HONEY, I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER TO VISIT JIM LANDER'S WIDOW AND THE KIDS! THEN YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A GIRL SCOUT!

FANTASTIC!

WEIRD!



**THE GIGANTIC
WAR
WHEEL!**

**A HORRIBLE MENACE
THAT THREATENS
TO DESTROY
THE WORLD!**

**THIS AND OTHER
BLACKHAWK
THRILLERS IN THE
SEPTEMBER ISSUE-
ON SALE JUNE 20th!**

YOU CAN SOON SEE *BLACKHAWK* ON THE SCREEN SINCE THE FIRST *Columbia* SUPER-SERIAL IS SCHEDULED FOR EARLY SUMMER RELEASE! CHECK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE AS TO WHEN *BLACKHAWK* WILL BE SHOWN! STARRING KIRK ALLYN AS *BLACKHAWK*, PRODUCED BY SAM KATZMAN, DIRECTED BY SPENCER BENNET AND FRED F. SEARS AND RELEASED BY *Columbia* PICTURES CORP., THE 15 FAST PACED EPISODES OF *BLACKHAWK* ARE PACKED WITH ACTION!

THE DOPE RING and REVOLUTION

Based on a true case of U.S. Treasury Agents.

SURE, I CAN GET YOU ALL THE HEROIN YOU WANT! BUT NOT FOR CASH! FOR GUNS!

WHY THAT?

EVEN AS T-MEN WORKED TO SPRING THE TRAP ON A RING OF NARCOTICS SMUGGLERS, THEY LACKED THE ANSWER TO ONE MYSTERIOUS QUESTION! WHY DID THE MEN WANT WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION INSTEAD OF MONEY? WHY WOULD THEY ONLY DO BUSINESS BY TRADING DOPE FOR GUNS?

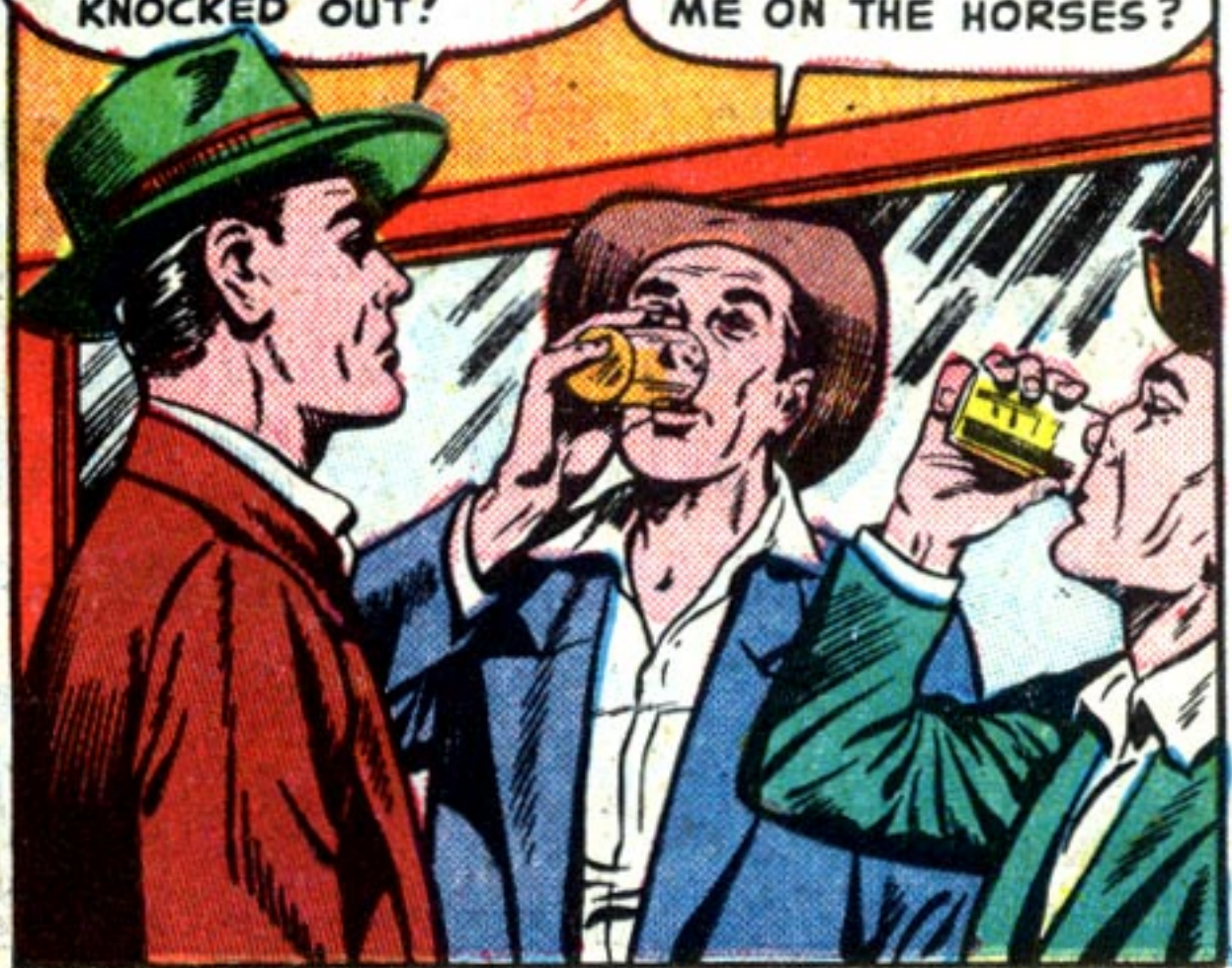
A MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF TOM ROCCOLA WORKED IN THE NEW ORLEANS UNDER-WORLD! AS A BOOKIE! AND EVERYONE WHO KNEW HIM HAD HEARD HIS STORY!

I WAS SENDING A LOAD OF DOPE ACROSS THE COUNTRY, YOU SEE! AND THE BLASTED T-MEN CLOSED IN!

YEAH, WE KNOW! TOOK ALL THE STUFF AND SENT YOUR MEN TO JAIL!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M OUT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS! AND WHAT'S WORSE, MY SOURCE OF SUPPLY WAS KNOCKED OUT!

TOUGH LUCK! BUT SKIP THAT! HOW ABOUT TAKING SOME BETS FOR ME ON THE HORSES?



ROCCOLA'S CUSTOMERS DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY A T-MAN, WORKING HIS WAY INTO THEIR CONFIDENCE TO GET A LEAD ON SMUGGLERS WHO WERE BRINGING IN HEROIN FROM HONDURAS! FINALLY...

WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT PUTTING SOME MONEY ON THE NAGS, STRANGE?

YEAH! THAT AND SOMETHING ELSE! COME ON OUTSIDE!

I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT A LITTLE ON SOME DOPE! ARE YOU INTERESTED?

YOU KNOW I AM! WHAT'S THE DEAL?



THE BALL WAS ROLLING! ROCCOLA BOUGHT FROM EARL STRANGE FOR A WHILE AND THEN MET ONE OF THE BIG-WIGS IN THE NARCOTICS BUSINESS, SAM CAROLLA!

YOU SEE, STRANGE HERE CAN'T SUPPLY ALL I WANT! HE THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD FIX ME UP!

MAYBE! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

THE NEW ORLEANS FEDERAL NARCOTICS BUREAU FOUND THAT CAROLLA WAS PRESIDENT OF THE POYDRAS FRUIT COMPANY AND IT ADDED UP!

HIS SHIP GASTON MAKES REGULAR TRIPS BETWEEN HONDURAS AND NEW ORLEANS! THIS IS THE LINK I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



WE KNOW THAT MEMBERS OF THE HONDURAS GOVERNMENT IMPORTED ENOUGH HEROIN TO SUPPLY THEIR MEDICAL NEEDS FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS!

WE KNOW THAT SOME OF IT HAS BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY, RIGHT HERE IN NEW ORLEANS! I THINK I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

OTHER T-MEN WERE WORKING, TOO! POSING AS CROOKS! ONE NIGHT...

HI, ROCCOLA! COME AND JOIN US! MEET JURICH! HE'S IN OUR RACKET!

YEAH? DOING ANY GOOD?





OKAY! THINK I MADE THIS WAD JUST BY WORKING ON A SHRIMP BOAT? WE DEAL WITH IMPORTANT PEOPLE! LOOK AT THESE NAMES!

HMMM! THEY'RE BIG-SHOTS IN HONDURAS, ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T GET THE CONNECTION!



LOOK! I'VE GOT SOME DOUGH, TOO! HOW MUCH STUFF CAN I BUY?

MONEY'S NO GOOD! IT TAKES MORE THAN MONEY! YOU'D BETTER SEE THE BOSS ABOUT THIS! I'LL ARRANGE IT!

THE T-MEN AGREED TO GO! FIRST OF ALL, TO GET MORE INFORMATION! THEN TO FIND OUT WHAT IT TOOK, INSTEAD OF MONEY, TO GET ALL THE HEROIN THEY WANTED FROM HONDURAS!



THE BOSS IS PAUSINA! HE'S ON THE YOUNG CHAMPION! THAT'S A SHRIMP BOAT OUT IN THE GULF!

GUESS IT PAYS TO PLAY IT SAFE, HUH, JURICH?

PAUSINA APPEARED TO BE A BIG MAN IN THE RACKET! AND HE TRUSTED THE T-MEN AS SOME OF HIS OWN KIND!



ROCCOLA, WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR GANG GO TO HONDURAS? YOU'LL MEET MEN WHO ARE PLANNING BIG THINGS!

WE COULDN'T MAKE ARRESTS IN HONDURAS SO THAT WOULDN'T HELP!



NO! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SELL, I HAVE OTHER CONNECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES! I CAN GET ALL I WANT!

AND I CAN GET YOU ALL YOU WANT... ONLY NOT FOR MONEY! YOU DON'T HAVE WHAT WE NEED!



WHAT DO YOU NEED?

GUNS!



WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION! RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS, AIRPLANE MACHINE GUNS!

BUT WHY?

Why?

THAT WAS THE BIG QUESTION! WHY HAD THE HONDURAS OFFICIALS BOUGHT THE HEROIN IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHY WERE THEY SMUGGLING IT INTO THE UNITED STATES? NOW WHY DID THEY WANT GUNS?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY! IMPORTANT PEOPLE ARE PLANNING TO OVER-THROW THE GOVERNMENT!

A REVOLUTION?

RIGHT! THEN THEY'LL HAVE CONTROL OF THE NARCOTICS TRAFFIC THROUGH LEGITIMATE CHANNELS! RUN BY THE GOVERNMENT! CAN YOU GET WHAT WE WANT?

I'M NOT SURE, PAUSINA! BUT WE'LL TRY AND LET YOU KNOW!

A REVOLUTION WAS MORE THAN THE T-MEN HAD BARGAINED FOR! SMUGGLING DOPE WAS ONE THING! AN UP-RISING WAS ANOTHER! THE COAST GUARD WAS SUMMONED TO DUTY AND ONE NIGHT...

THERE'S THE GASTON, DUMPING A LOAD ON THAT SMALL ISLAND!

THIRTY-FIVE MILES FROM NEW ORLEANS! AND A SMALL BOAT'S HEADED THIS WAY!

IT'S A SHRIMP BOAT! LOOKS AS IF IT'S GOING TO THAT SAME SPOT ON THE ISLAND!

WE'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE TREASURY AGENTS IN NEW ORLEANS! THEN WE'LL TRAIL THIS ONE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

T-MEN WERE WATCHING WHEN THE YOUNG CHAMPION UNLOADED ITS CARGO! INFLATED RUBBER BALLOONS!

OVERBOARD HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT! THEN KEEP ON GOING!

SO THAT'S THEIR TRICK! DOPE PACKETS FLOATED TO SHORE IN THINGS THAT LOOK LIKE KIDS' BALLOONS!

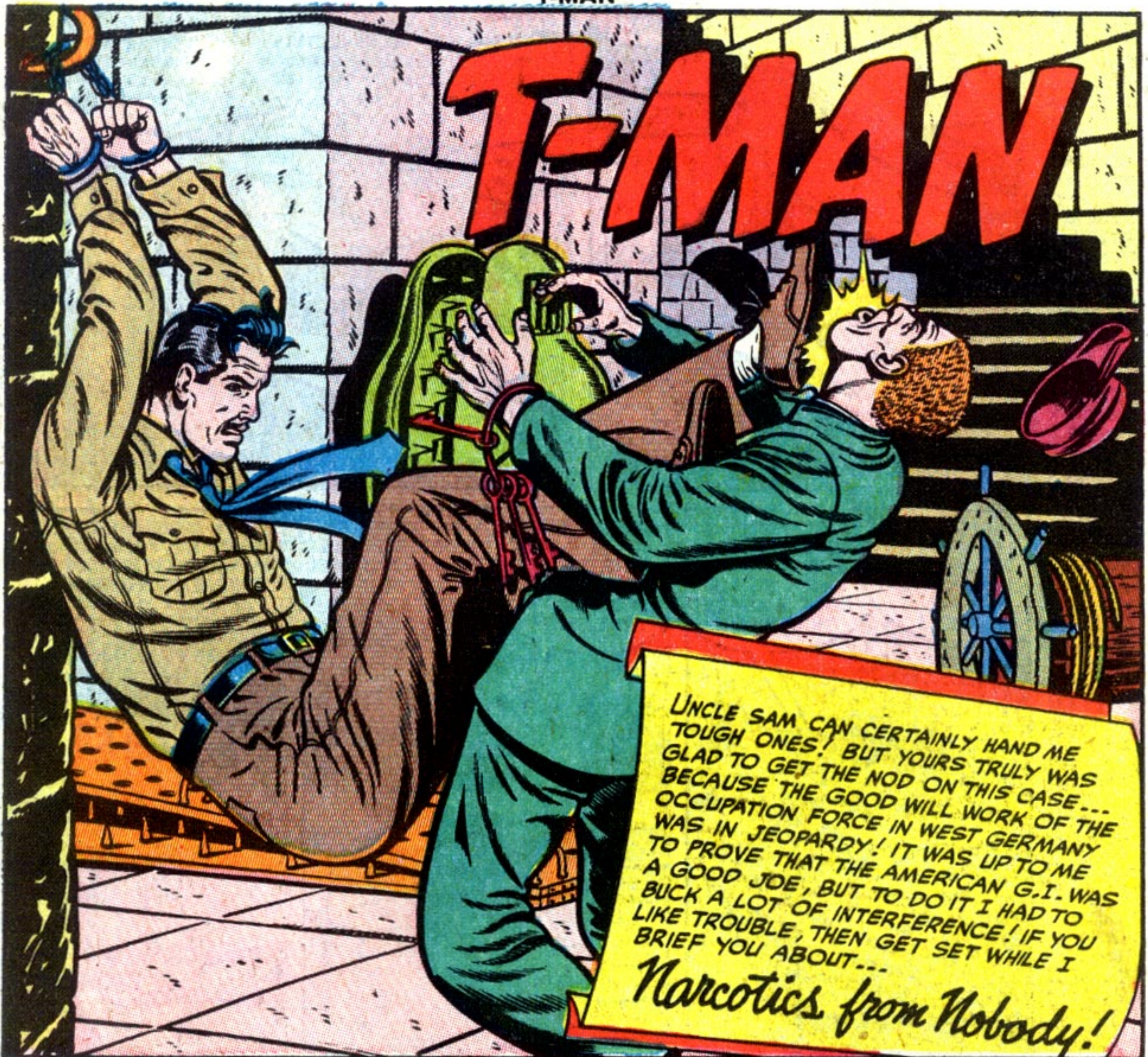
IT'S FANTASTIC! AND THE DOPE'S BEING PAID FOR BY WEAPONS OF WAR!

FOR A REVOLUTION! BUT WE'LL STOP THAT! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR OUR MEN TO MAKE ARRESTS!

AND CLOSE IN THE CASE! GOSH, IT'LL FEEL GOOD TO BE A NORMAL HUMAN BEING AGAIN INSTEAD OF A CROOK! WON'T IT, ROCCOLA?

THE SMUGGLERS WERE ROUNDED UP AND THERE WAS NO REVOLUTION IN HONDURAS! ALL BECAUSE OF THE GOOD WORK OF UNITED STATES FEDERAL AGENTS... **T-MEN!**

T-MAN



There WAS TROUBLE IN GERMANY! STORES HAD BEEN SMASHED, CITIZENS ASSAULTED... BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS HOPPED UP ON DRUGS!



But THE TOPPER WAS THIS... QUESTION-ING BROUGHT OUT THAT THE MEN WERE NOT DRUG ADDICTS!



The RED DOMINATED EASTERN ZONE WAS USING THE INCIDENTS TO NEEDLE THE WESTERN ZONE GERMANS...

MORE ATROCITIES BY FASCIST-MINDED AMERICAN TROOPS! BUT HERE IN EASTERN GERMANY, RUSSIANS AND GERMANS ARE HAPPY COMRADES!



That was the rotten mess that brought me my latest assignment in the Western Zone...

GET THE PICTURE, PETE? THE REDS WANT THE GERMANS TO PRESSURE THE OCCUPATION TROOPS INTO LEAVING! THE ZONE WILL BE WIDE OPEN FOR RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA!

AND EVENTUALLY THE RED FLAG!



PETE, YOU'VE GOT THE BIGGEST ASSIGNMENT YOU EVER HAD! FIND OUT HOW THE DRUGS ARE GETTING INTO OUR BOYS, AND WHEN YOU DO... SMASH THE RING!

I'M ON MY WAY!



My first stint was to see the last G.I. Joe who'd been tagged by the drug!

SOLDIER, I WANT A SCHEDULE OF YOUR ENTIRE LEAVE! PUT DOWN WHAT YOU DID, WHERE YOU ATE, WHO YOU TALKED TO... EVERYTHING!



A few more details, and I was ready to walk into the lion's den!

I'M GOING TO TRAVEL THE SAME ROUTE THAT G.I. DID! IF MY PLAN WORKS, SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN ALONG THE WAY!

WATCH YOUR STEP, PETE! WE DON'T WANT TO PICK YOU UP IN A DARK ALLEY!



Later, I started with the first place on the list... the same table, the same waiter, the same food the G.I. had gotten...

YOUR SAUERBRATEN, SIR!

OKAY! NOW IT'S TIME WE START THINGS POPPING!



WISE GUY, HUH? EAT IT YOURSELF! THINK I DON'T KNOW YOU LOADED THAT PLATE WITH DRUGS?

B-BUT, SIR...



YOU'RE MISTAK...

DON'T KID ME, BUSTER! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME HOPPED UP ON THAT DOPE! I'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF!



THAT WAS THE WEDGE I HOPED WOULD CRACK OPEN THE CASE! AND AS I HIT PLACE AFTER PLACE ON THE LIST...

YOUR CHERRY SODA, SIR...

G'WAN! I'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF YOU'D LOAD THAT SOFT DRINK WITH SOME HARD DOPE!



SO FAR I HAVEN'T STIRRED UP ANYTHING! NOBODY'S EVEN SENT ANY OF THE DOPE RING TO GRAB ME!



Next ON THE SCHEDULE WAS A DIVE CALLED ELMO'S BAR! IT HAD PLENTY OF GIRLS... BAR-GIRLS USED BY THE MANAGEMENT TO COAX CUSTOMERS INTO HIKING THE BAR BILL...

C'MON, HANS... LET'S HAVE ANOTHER DRINK!

SURE, ELSA... ANYTHING IN THE HOUSE FOR YOU!

ELSA, EH? THAT'S THE TAG OF THE GAL ON MY LIST!



SORRY TO DO THIS, BUDDY!

SCRAM, BUSTER! LET A MAN TAKE OVER!



The LIST HAD SAID THE G.I. STARTED TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE WITH ELSA, BUT SUDDENLY LEFT TO JOIN SOME ARMY BUD-DIES PASSING BY! BUT I WAS GOING TO GIVE A TWIST TO THE SCRIPT...

SO! YOU'RE THE MASTERFUL TYPE, EH?

RIGHT, BABY! LET'S YOU AND ME FIND A TABLE WHERE WE CAN TALK!



AMERICAN CIGARETTES! OH, I ADORE THEM! COULD... COULD YOU PLEASE SPARE THAT PACK?

SURE, BABY! KEEP 'EM!



Elsa STOWED THE PACK IN HER POCKET, BUT SUDDENLY SHE APOLOGIZED AND PULLED THE PACK OUT AGAIN...

OH, I AM SORRY! I SHOULD AT LEAST OFFER YOU ONE OF THE CIGARETTES YOU GAVE ME!

THANKS, BABY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



When SHE TOLD ME HER NAME. I WENT INTO MY ACT...



ELSA? YOU'RE ONE OF THE DRUG PUSHERS! I'M NOT STAYING TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO GET ME HOPPED UP ON THAT STUFF! A PAL TIPPED ME OFF ABOUT YOU!

WH-WHAT?



OH-OH! ELSA'S FINGERING ME TO THOSE MUSCLE BOYS! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT DIG HIT HOME!

GRAB THE FASCIST DOG, COMRADES!

COMMIE DIALOGUE! I'VE HIT THE JACK-POT!



It SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I WAS ONE HAPPY T-MAN WHEN THE HOOLIGANS JUMPED ME OUT-SIDE!

GOT TO GIVE THEM SOME COMPETITION... MAKE THE FIGHT LOOK GOOD!

DON'T CROWD ME! GIVE ME A LITTLE FIST ROOM!



YOU'RE A SUCKER FOR THE LEFT LINE... AND A LEFT HOOK!



Suddenly SOMEBODY MOVED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND BATTED ME!

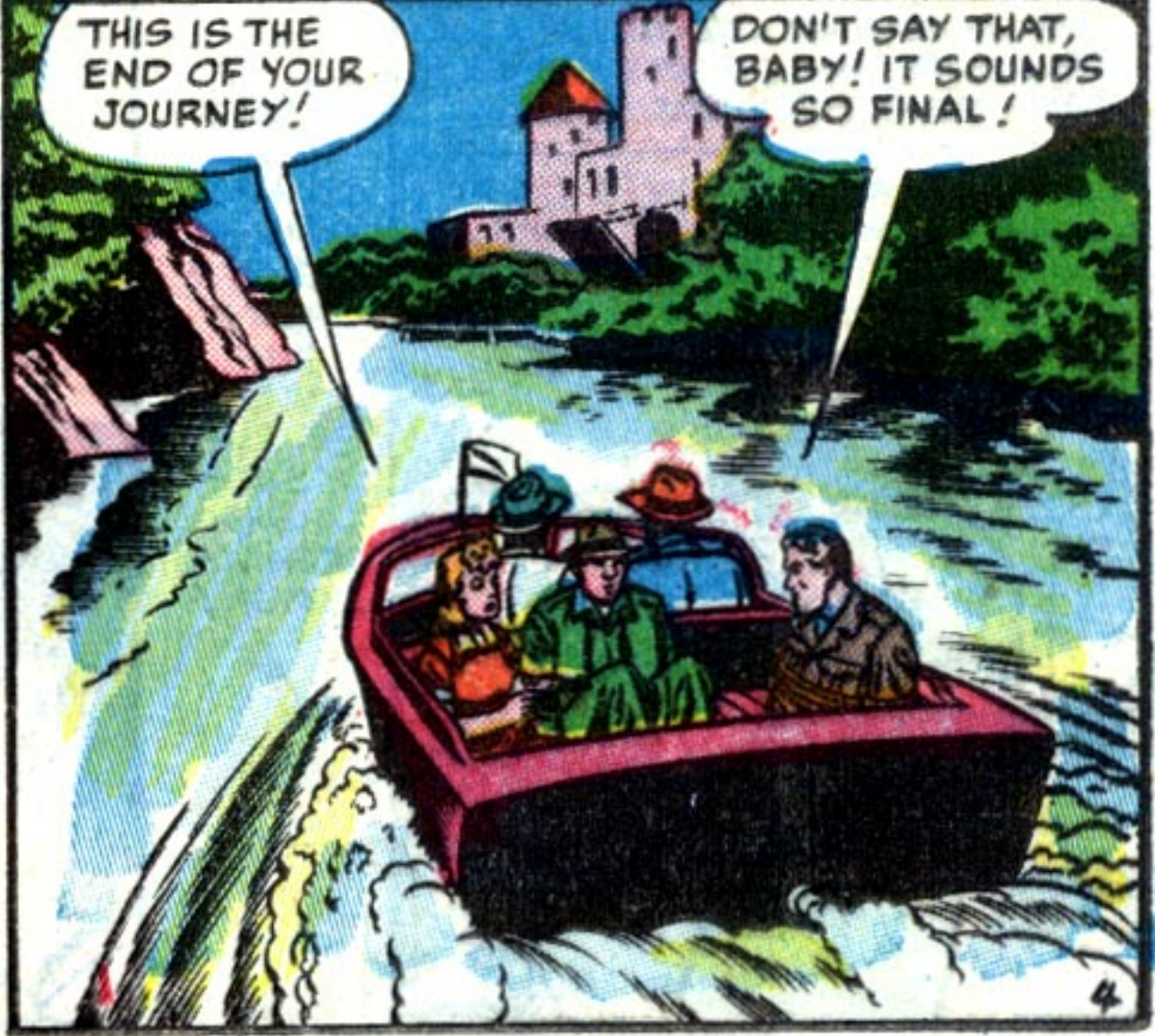
CAPITALISTIC DOG!



When MY MENTAL BLACKOUT LIFTED I WAS ON A RIVER LAUNCH APPROACHING AN ANCIENT GERMAN CASTLE, COMPLETE WITH DRAW-BRIDGE!

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR JOURNEY!

DON'T SAY THAT, BABY! IT SOUNDS SO FINAL!



Inside, I WAS HERDED TO A ROOM NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN THE YANKEE STADIUM, TOWARD A BULKY CHARACTER WATCHING ME WITH PIGGY EYES...



COMFY LITTLE HOTEL YOU'VE GOT HERE! WHAT ARE YOUR RATES BY THE WEEK?

I DOUBT THAT YOU'LL BE ALIVE THAT LONG!



Then TUBBY MOVED FROM BEHIND THE DESK... AND HANDED ME MORE SHOCK THAN AN OPEN WIRE!

SO HELP ME, THE BOSS OF THE DRUG COMBINE IS A WOMAN!

I ASSURE YOU THE TALENTS OF MADAME VESKOFF ARE MUCH APPRECIATED BY THE COMINFORM!



NOW, AMERICAN, WHO IS THE TRAITOR IN OUR PARTY? WHO INFORMED YOU THAT ELSA WAS A DISTRIBUTOR OF DRUGS?

YOU WANT ME TO RAT ON A PAL SO YOU CAN "PURGE" HIM? NOTHING DOING!



CHANGE HIS MIND, OTTO!

A PLEASURE, COMRADE!



Now IT WAS MY CUE TO TURN TO STALL FOR TIME! BUT I HAD TO MAKE MY ACT CONVINCING...

WELL? OKAY, YOU WIN! I DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME, BUT THIS GUY'S FIRST NAME IS FRITZ!

Fritz IS A COMMON NAME! I FIGURED THERE WAS BOUND TO BE ONE IN SUCH A BIG ORGANIZATION!



WAS IT FRITZ HEFFLER?

I TOLD YOU, I DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME! I COULDN'T IDENTIFY HIM UNLESS I SAW HIM!



YOU WILL HAVE THE CHANCE TO DO SO! OTTO WILL TAKE THE LAUNCH AND BRING FRITZ HERE! YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO THE DUNGEON UNTIL HE RETURNS!

THANKS, LADY... THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS COUNTING ON!

The DUNGEON WAS A MEDIEVAL NIGHTMARE! I COULD ALMOST SENSE THE GHOSTS OF THOSE WHO'D DIED ON ITS TORTURE MACHINES...

JUST ONE STUPID LOOKING GUARD! IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO DERAIL HIS ONE-TRACK BRAIN!



CHIEF! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

CHIEF...??



NOW, CHUMP, GET ONE OF THOSE KEYS INTO THE LOCK OR SO HELP ME I'LL BREAK YOUR UNWASHED NECK!

GU-GUH-HH!



The GUARD FIGURED HE'D RATHER BE A LIVE COWARD THAN A DEAD COMRADE, SO HE KEYHOLED THE LOCK OPEN!

AND NOW HERE'S AN ANESTHETIC TO RELIEVE THE PAIN IN YOUR NECK!



I MADE A FAST INSPECTION TOUR AND RAN INTO ANOTHER SURPRISE...

A SHORT WAVE RADIO OUTFIT! MADAME VESKOFF SURE IS ONE BUSY BEAVER! IN ADDITION TO HER OTHER TALENTS SHE ALSO BROADCASTS RED PROPAGANDA FROM THIS BOOTLEG STATION!



Then AN IDEA NUDGED ME, AND I TOOK THE HINT!

THAT SHOULD BRING PUDGY AND HER PALS DOWN HERE QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY VISHINSKY!

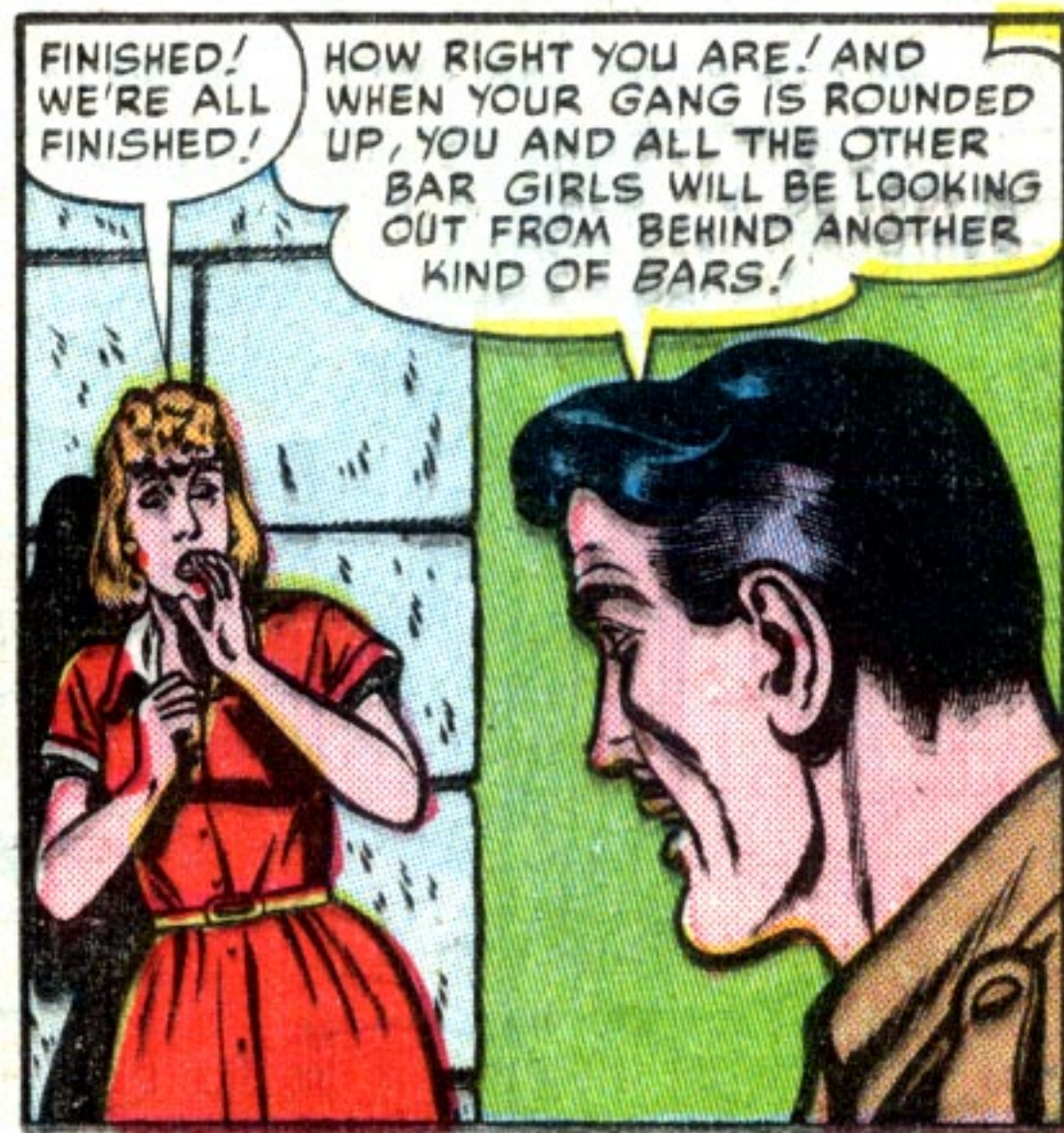


I ACTED AS IF I'D JUST JUMPED THE GUARD AND WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH, AMERICAN!

YEAH! BUT BEFORE YOU SHOOT, PUT ME STRAIGHT ON HOW YOU GOT THE DRUGS INTO OUR BOYS!





INTERCEPTED PERIL

THE local Narcotics Division of the Treasury Department was buzzing when T-man Ray Brady checked in with the Chief. "We've been alerted on a new plan to smuggle narcotics into the country, Ray," said the Chief seriously. "We got a tip that a small-time ring is about to give their smuggling an upstairs lift, via our Universal Airport, on a plane landing today." "The punks are going high class, aren't they!" exclaimed Brady.

"If it's true, yes," growled the Chief, "but our tip came from a rather unreliable source, a human wreck who contacted our agents this morning. He's screaming for revenge on his suppliers. Seems they pulled a fast double cross on him. He couldn't talk long enough to tell us which country it's coming from, and this all may be just a figment of his befuddled imagination."

A jangling telephone interrupted sharply. And the Chief's expression was grave as he received the message. He turned to Brady, "The man who talked was found fading fast with two bullets in him. The only word he could mutter was 'clean' and that was pretty fuzzy."

"Then the only information we have is that the narcotics will arrive on a plane sometime today at Universal Airport. But we don't know who'll be carrying them or how they expect to get them through customs," remarked Brady thoughtfully. "That's the deal, Ray, and it's your baby," said the Chief briskly. "Take as many men as you need."

Brady arrived at Universal Airport with several agents just as the first plane of the day made its landing. He covered the intensive customs inspection and then wandered over to the plane's hangar. It was a beehive of activity. An agile mechanic scrambled over a big four-engine job armed with a small vacuum cleaner and a load of huck towels.

Another big one was landing and he glanced around to see his men in the right spots. She taxied to a stop and the passengers started to unload. They were straggling into customs when the plane hostess came running down the gangway waving a small package overhead and calling, "Mr. Garver, you left this package."

A fat citizen turned to her call, paused briefly, waved a disinterested hand, and lumbered on into customs. Brady signalled his number one man to tag Garver and then sauntered along the fence to meet the hostess. They made the security of an office taken over by the department, and were greeted by the agent stationed there. A check of the small package revealed a cache of heroin worth a fortune. "I guess that's part of what we came for, Ray," whistled the agent. "Yes, and now we have to locate the smuggler," replied Brady, and he turned to Miss Ford. "Where did you find this package." "It was

tucked down at the side of Mr. Garver's seat next to the wall. In fact," she said, "since the paper in which it was wrapped is the same color as the seat covering, I thought for a moment that the upholstery was ripped. Furthermore, if the plane wasn't wheeled so the sun shone through the window on that particular spot, I might not have seen the package at all."

"What do you know about this passenger, Garver?" queried the T-man.

"He was just a routine passenger," answered Miss Ford. "He boarded the plane at Rome and has been quiet and well behaved all the way across." Just then the door burst open and Brady's number one agent checked in with the fat citizen in tow. "Garver's clean, Ray," sighed the agent resignedly. "Really, chum," smiled Garver to Ray Brady, "to what do I owe all this flattering attention?"

"The name's MR. Brady," growled Ray, "and I'd hardly call it flattering. You're pegged as narcotics smuggler. I thought you might wish to make a statement."

"Not a chance," laughed Garver, "your man just told you—I'm perfectly clean."

"Okay, Garver," snapped the T-man, "you can check out." Miss Ford turned to Brady in astonishment. "But, Mr. Brady, we're almost positive that Mr. Garver planted that package. How can you let him go?"

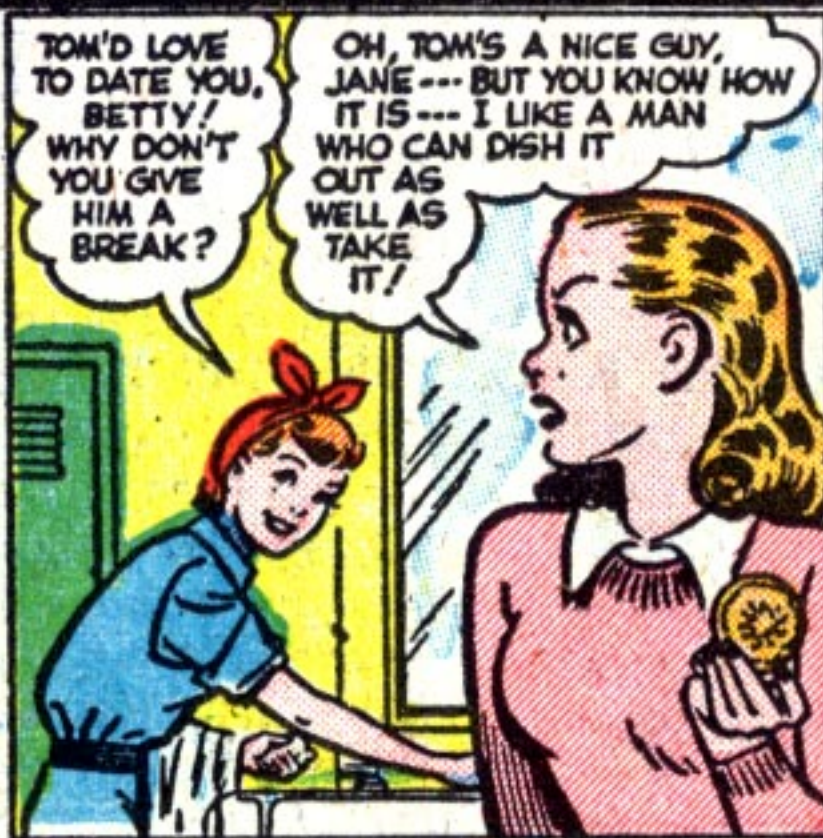
"I'm not letting him go. He'll remain in custody until a few things are clarified. But he mentioned something that seems to be the key to this thing," said Brady. "Now tell me, just how are these big planes housecleaned for the next flight?"

Miss Ford replied slowly, "A special cleaning man is regularly assigned to a certain plane each time it comes in. As soon as the plane is emptied out, he goes aboard with his vacuum cleaner and other equipment and goes over it thoroughly."

"Are these cleaning men checked as they come off the plane," queried Brady. "Of course not, why would customs check them—OH!" exclaimed the hostess suddenly. "That's right, Miss Ford," commented Ray Brady, "what would stop a cleaning man from picking up a package secreted by the side of a seat and delivering it after hours. You just said he isn't checked by customs. We're off to see which of the cleaning men is aboard that plane," continued Brady as he headed for the door. "I'm eager to see his look of surprise when he finds his little bundle isn't waiting for him."

The case was wrapped up when Brady boarded the plane to find a shifty-eyed cleaning man frantically searching near Garver's seat. He was taken in along with Garver and once he was cornered, he identified that fat citizen as an internationally known narcotics smuggler.

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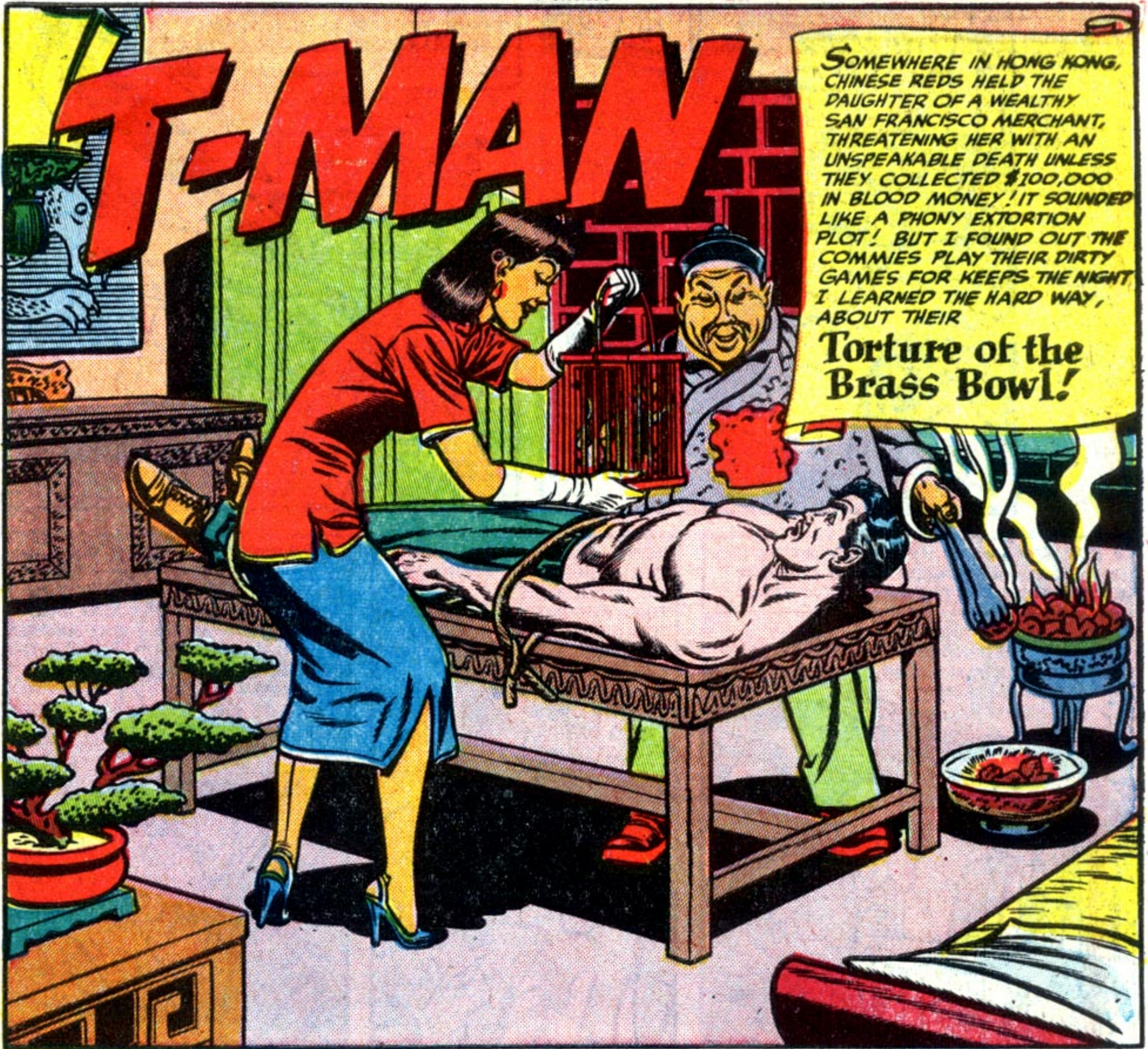
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T-MAN

SOMEWHERE IN HONG KONG, CHINESE REDS HELD THE DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY SAN FRANCISCO MERCHANT, THREATENING HER WITH AN UNSPEAKABLE DEATH UNLESS THEY COLLECTED \$100,000 IN BLOOD MONEY! IT SOUNDED LIKE A PHONY EXTORTION PLOT! BUT I FOUND OUT THE COMMIES PLAY THEIR DIRTY GAMES FOR KEEPS THE NIGHT I LEARNED THE HARD WAY, ABOUT THEIR

Torture of the Brass Bowl!



I WAS BEGINNING TO DO A SLOW BURN, THAT NIGHT IN FRISCO'S CHINATOWN WHEN ONE OF THE LOCAL AGENTS BREEZED BY FOR A QUICK DOUBLE-CHECK!

REPORT TO THE CHIEF! I'M FED UP WITH WATCHING THIS JADE JOINT! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A T-MAN, NOT A ROOKIE COP!

YOU'LL GET ACTION, PETE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

CHARLIE LEE'S CURIO SHOP



I'VE HAD MY EYES OPEN FOR FIVE DAYS! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE RED!

YOU'LL SEE MORE RED IF THE CHIEF'S HUNCH IS CORRECT! BRIGHT, BLOODY CHINESE RED!



AND SECONDS LATER...

WHAT THE...?



I SPUN AROUND, JUST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE THAT TONG HATCHET HADN'T PARTED CHARLIE LEE'S QUE, AND THEN...



THESE BOYS PLAY FOR KEEPS! AND NO LICENSE PLATES ON THE CAR!



I CURSED UNDER MY BREATH AS THE BIG SEDAN ROARED AROUND THE CORNER! AND THEN I DID THE NEXT BEST THING!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FIXED YOU WITH A FREE AIR-CONDITIONING JOB, MR. LEE! ANYBODY WE KNOW?

SORRY... ALL CLOSED UP NOW!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT GUFF! WHOEVER THREW THAT PEIPING TOMAHAWK DID A GOOD JOB OF SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU! WHO WAS IT?

VANDALS OFTEN BREAK WINDOWS! I KNOW NOTHING!



AND THEN I PLAYED A WILD HUNCH!

MAYBE WE'LL BOTH KNOW MORE IF YOU HAND OVER THE NOTE THAT WAS ATTACHED TO THE HANDLE! I'M PETE TRASK, TREASURY DEPARTMENT!

IF I TELL YOU, THEY WILL KNOW! MY CHILD WILL SUFFER!



WHAT DID IT SAY, CHARLIE?

FORGIVE ME! I AM TO DELIVER \$100,000 TO THE BRASS BOWL IN HONG KONG! IF I FAIL, MY DAUGHTER WILL KNOW THE SAVAGERY OF THE COMMUNIST BEASTS!



THERE'S A LAW AGAINST PAYING EXTORTION MONEY TO THE CHINESE REDS, CHARLIE! THIS IS A CASE FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT!

THEN SPARE AN OLD MAN'S HEART! I HAVE THE MONEY! I'M WILLING TO PAY!



A HUNDRED GRAND WILL BUY A LOT OF BULLETS... TO KILL AMERICAN SOLDIERS! BUT IF ANYTHING CAN BE DONE FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, WE'LL DO IT!

LAWS! LAWS THAT WOULD HAVE ME SACRIFICE MY ONLY CHILD!



AN HOUR LATER I HAD THE FRISCO CHIEF OUT OF BED...

THE OLD MAN'S PLENTY SCARED, CHIEF! I HAD WILLIE CHIN TRANSLATE THE NOTE, AND HE'S GOT TEN DAYS TO DELIVER THAT DOUGH... OR ELSE!



IF WE COULD GET OUR HANDS ON THE LOCAL AGENTS... THE COMMIES WHO DELIVER THE NOTES!

THEY'D HAVE A LIST OF THE LOCAL RATS IN HONG KONG, CHIEF!



AND THERE'S NOTHING IN THE BOOKS THAT SAYS I COULDN'T DELIVER THAT DOUGH IN PERSON!

OR PRETEND TO BE DELIVERING IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT LIST, PETE... AND WE'VE GOT TO GET IT WITHOUT PAYING OFF!



I WAS ON MY WAY TO HONG KONG BEFORE DAYBREAK! BUT I WANTED MORE THAN THAT LIST!

I WON'T FORGET THE LOOK ON CHARLIE LEE'S FACE WHEN HE TALKED ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER! I'M GOING TO HAVE AN AWFULLY PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS CASE!



AND TWO DAYS LATER IN HONG KONG!

COZY SPOT! BUT SOMEHOW, I NEVER HAD LESS APPETITE FOR EGG FOO YONG!



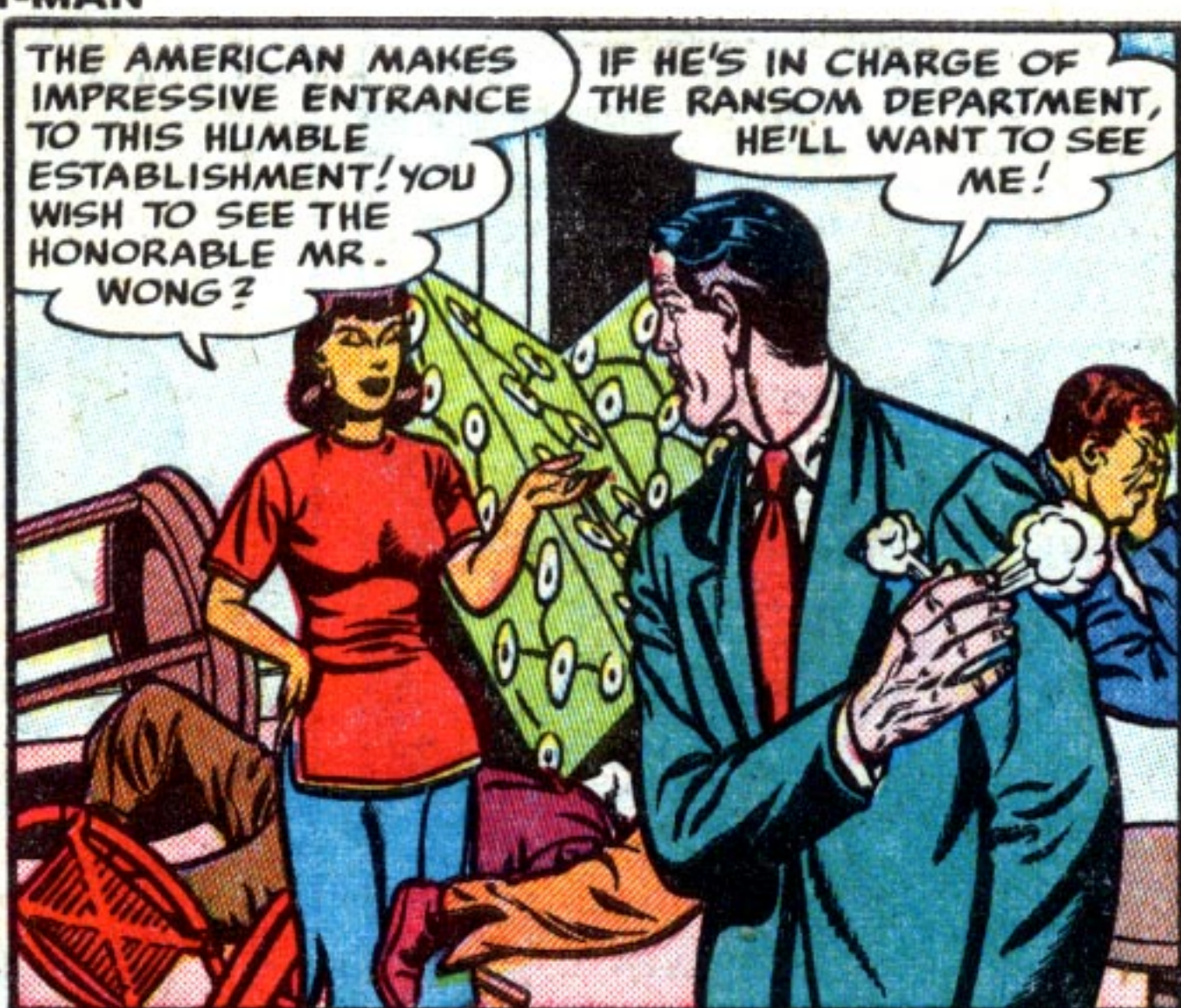
HEY....!



FINE OLD CHINESE HOSPITALITY, EH? HAVE A LITTLE AMERICAN STYLE!

AYIIII!





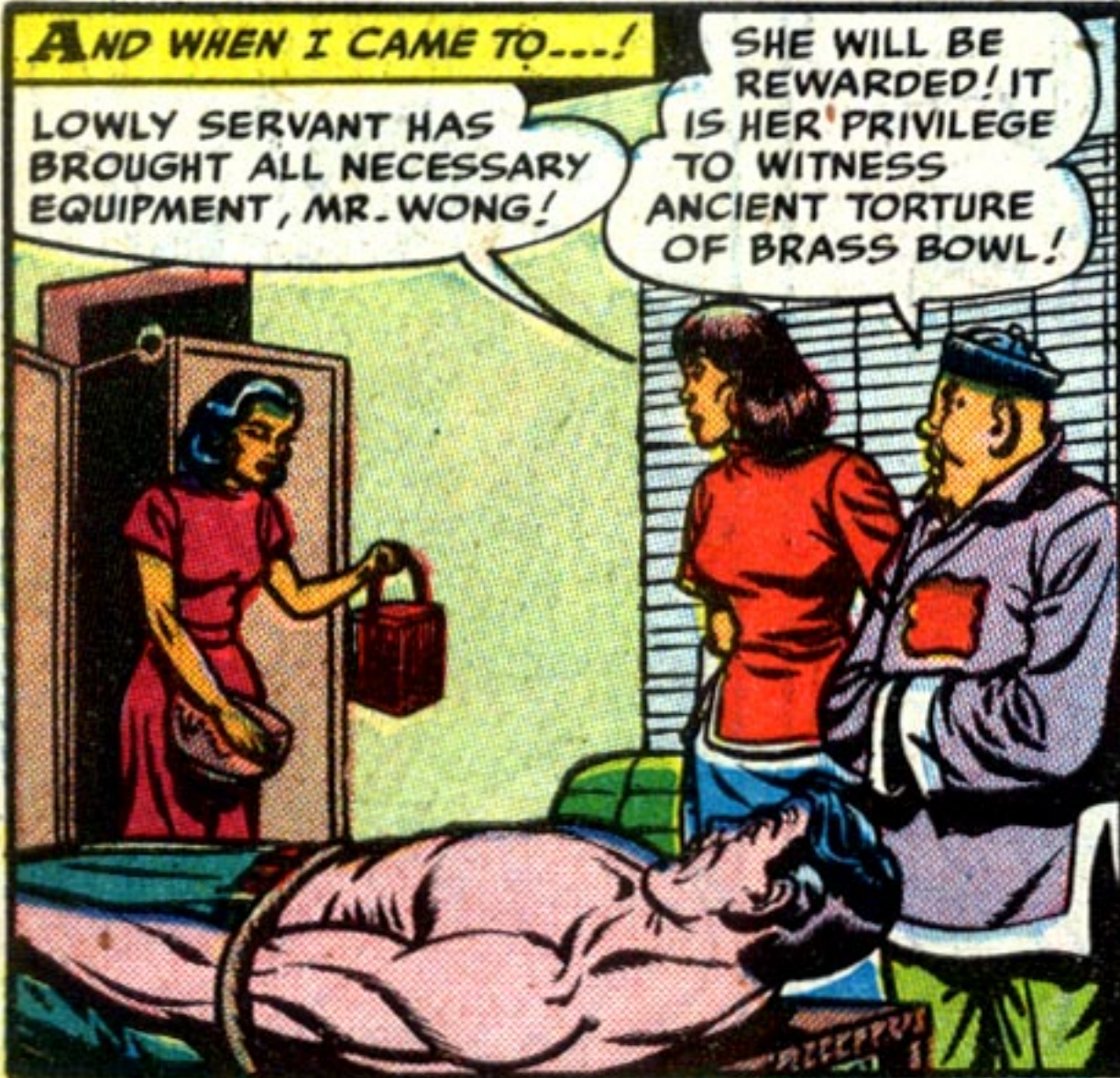
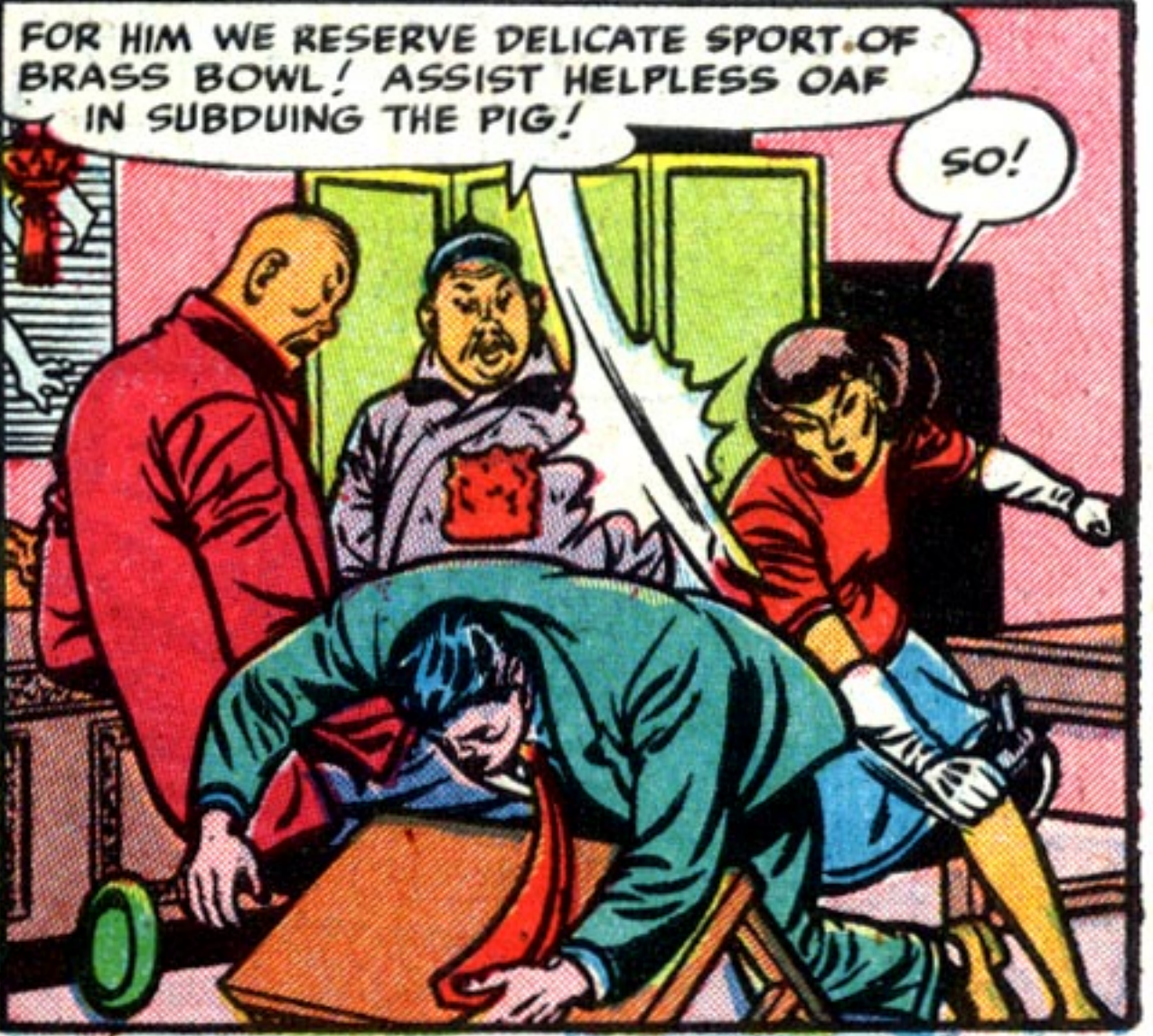
My KNEES WERE CLICKING TOGETHER LIKE CHOP-STICKS AS I FOLLOWED HER INTO A ROOM THAT REEKED OF INCENSE AND INTRIGUE! AND MEETING MR. WONG DIDN'T ADD TO MY COMFORT!



I HAD HOPED TO HAVE PEARL LEE IN THE ROOM BEFORE THE BAG OF BOGUS CURRENCY WAS OPENED! WE WEREN'T DEALING WITH REAL MONEY, BUT REAL LIVES WERE AT STAKE... AND SOMETHING TOLD ME ONE OF THEM WAS MINE!



I LASHED OUT AT THE COMMIE GOON, EXPECTING A BULLET IN MY BACK, KNOWING A QUICK DEATH WOULD BE A BREAK FOR ME! BUT INSTEAD...



My BLOOD MUST HAVE TURNED TO ICE DURING THOSE HORROR-DRENCHED MINUTES! I WAS BARELY AWARE OF THE MOTION AT MY FEET... AND THEN THE FAINT WHISPER!

HUMBLE DAUGHTER OF CHARLIE LEE HAS SEVERED ROPES!

THANKS, BEAUTIFUL! STAND BY FOR THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY!



AND SECONDS LATER!

OBSERVE! BOWL OF BRASS BECOMES RED!

OOOH! LET ME GO!

COME CLOSER, FAT BOY! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR YOU!



SO AMUSING, MR. WONG!

WAIT UNTIL FILTHY RODENTS PROCEED WITH FURTHER DEVELOPMENT!



I'LL PROBABLY SPLIT MY SIDES LAUGHING!

EEEEK!



SHALL WE DANCE?

AIIII!



OR SHALL WE SIT THIS ONE OUT?

ARGHHH!



YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, INSOLENT SON OF A SERPENT! I... OHHH!

SO SORRY TO WASTE PRECIOUS MING VASE ON THICK SKULL OF SIN TOY!



FLAMES SPREAD THROUGH THE FLIMSY ROOF IN A MATTER OF SECONDS BUT...

WHY DO WE WAIT? HURRY!

THIS FLIMSY DIVE WILL BURN LIKE CONFETTI! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I FIND THAT LIST!

IF YOU SEEK LIST OF CHINESE RED AGENTS IN AMERICA, PERHAPS YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN THIS!

MAY BE INTERESTED? HONEY, THAT'S THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE ATOMIC AGE!

LET'S GET OUT OF THIS FIRE TRAP BEFORE...

THE WALL!

LOOK OUT!

EEEE!

AS WE RUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM...

WONG... SIN TOY?

THEY GOT AS MUCH CHANCE FOR ESCAPE AS THEY DISHED OUT! LET'S GO, BABY! WE'VE GOT A PLANE TO CATCH!

AND SOON AFTERWARD, IN SAN FRANCISCO...

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH!

SURE YOU CAN, CHARLIE! JUST STEP OUT OF THE ROOM A MINUTE WHILE PEARL HANDS OVER THAT LIST OF LOCAL COMMIES!

NOT NECESSARY! I HAVE FOUND MORE MODEST HIDING PLACE FOR VALUABLE LIST IN NEW PURSE!

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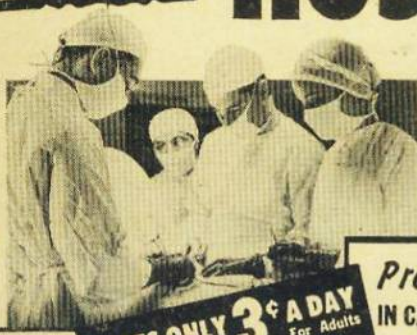
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ENOUGH HOS-
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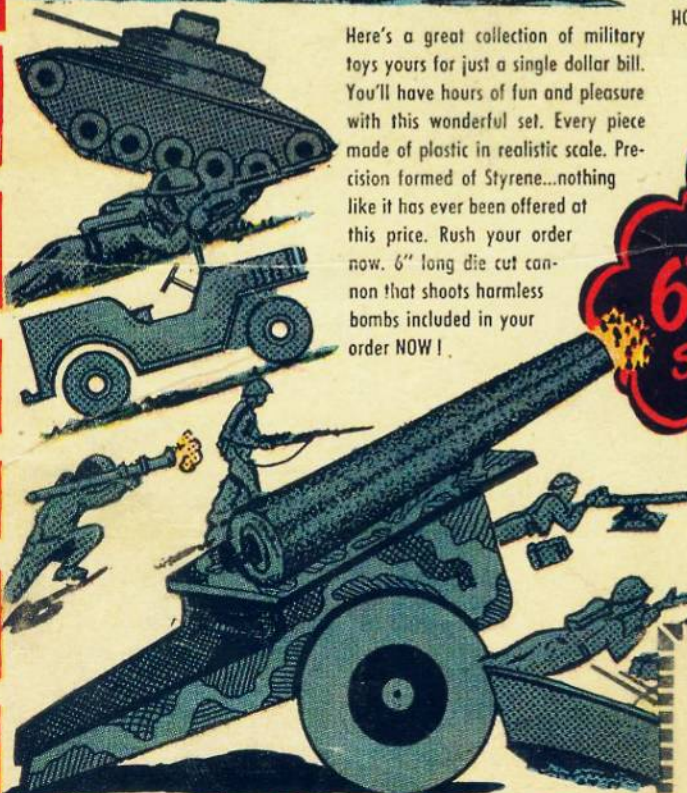
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